Hot. That Roane ſhal be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight: O Eſperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaiſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith, ile know your buſines Harry, that I wil, I feare, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you goe.

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, anſwere mee directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhall aske: in faith, ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudy noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me, my horſe:
What ſaiſt thou Kate? what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?
Well, doe not then, for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſebacke, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whither I goe, nor reaſon, whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt, and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you gentle Kate:
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then Harry Percies wife: conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecy,
No Lady cloſer, for I well beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter, what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot.